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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

IN SUMMER

Oh subtle voices of the leaves
What do I hear
Outside my window summer eves
With only star-shine and the leaves
And midnight near?

What message in the lip-lip low
Of poplars clapping pale soft hands
For very joy and dancing so
When summer breezes breathe and blow
In all their lands?

Oh little voices of the trees
And songs of birds
And mellow murmur of the bees
And clover blossoms at my knees,
Teach me the words.

Let me come in and pray your prayers
And sing your joys
That I forget my daily cares
In this exchange of holy wares
For my poor noise.

Bloomington, Illinois
June 16—Midnight

—HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

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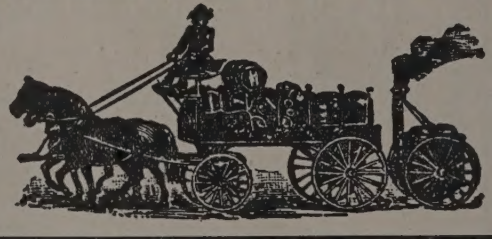

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1914. NUMBER 18

DOUBT

Creeds grow so thick along the way,
Their boughs hide God: I cannot pray.

—Lizette Wordsworth Reese.

A lady editor of a society colum in a Chicago paper says: "Women suffer for their beliefs, when they believe they can wear a number three shoe on a number six foot."

According to a long established precedent the editorial force of UNITY has come to its retreat at Tower Hill, Wisconsin, and until after the middle of September all communications intended for the editor or assistant editor should be addressed to Tower Hill, Wisconsin. All business communications, subscriptions, etc., to be addressed as usual to the Unity Publishing Company, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago. The editor wishes the readers restful activity and the peace of agreeable toil during these months.

That is a significant "ad" which appeared in a recent number of the *Chicago Daily News* calling for a Polish man to do second work in a saloon, but he *"must positively not drink."* When the saloon men join with the railroad men and the great captains of industry in refusing to employ drinking men, is it not time for the brewers and distillers to begin to cut down their output and get ready to change their business? Capitalists who have their money invested in this business ought to be able to read the handwriting on the wall.

A recent cablegram to the *Chicago Tribune* from Berlin states that four women have recently been officially beheaded by the headsman with blocks and axes within a few weeks in Germany; grewsome evidence this that barbaric customs still abide in what claims to be one of the most civilized and modern of nations. Legal execution, whether it be in the electric chair, on the gibbet, or on the block, represents the survival of barbarism, and perhaps there is not much choice, for in either case that is destroyed by human hands which no human hands can restore. Perhaps the coarser the execution, the sooner will the atrocity be removed.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, representing the Bill Posting Temperance Campaign inaugurated by the Associated Charities in Boston, made a flying visit to the great Federation of Clubs at Chicago. Her posters were displayed in connection with the other civic devices, in the vestibule of the Abraham Lincoln Centre and elsewhere. She, herself, was a guest at the Centre and made a host of friends both for the cause and for herself. Of course there was the inevitable disappointment. The throng that seemed such available missionary ground before arrival thronged so tremendously that it became prohibitive if not destructive of any initiative detail. But still it was worth while, and in a private note from Cambridge the tireless and efficient missionary writes: "I did have a wonderful experience. I did love the great democratic 'Centre' and Chicago and all those nice women gathered from my nation and wanting to cleanse the world. I see that while men want to use their vote to acquire, women want to use it to cleanse."

An "Entertainment Committee," we do not like to give the name of the chairman, issues a call for a "joint supper and smoker of Cornell and Wisconsin alumni on the night of the Poughkeepsie crew race," at one of the new and fashionable hotels in Chicago. The call is explosive and noisy with a generous supply of exclamation points. It cries out: "Come on out! This is the big party of the year! We can open the windows and take off our coats. * * There will be beefsteak and enough beer to keep your voice in shape, and all the live wires you want to see will be there. Every Wisconsin man, with no restrictions as to degree or previous condition of servitude in the Alumni Club, is welcomed and wanted. One dollar and seventy-five cents will get the dinner and everything that goes with it!!" And this is college enthusiasm! This academic audience will not need to be informed of the etymology of the word, but perhaps after it is all over with, some of them may inquire as to the nature of the god that took possession of them that night, the divinity that was honored, to whom oblation was poured out of beer mugs and at whose shrine tobacco was burned as incense. Can our college men reach their maximum of devotion to their Alma Mater on no higher plane than the athletics that must be celebrated with beer and with cigars? Is it ungracious to raise the question?

That there is a physical basis to drunkenness is now a fact so well established that only indolent conservatism or malicious commercialism in the interest of the

trade are responsible for the persistent ignoring of this fact. Whatever ethical responsibilities may abide in early drunkenness, and however much can be done in this stage to save the drunkard by spiritual quickening or legal protection, there comes a time when drunkenness is a disease and the drunken man is sick and must be treated as such. He is a subject for the hospital and not for the prison. The Keeley Cure has demonstrated the possibility of treatment. Many, very many, have lapsed, but a multitude of men still remain who have been placed on their feet by that treatment, and are still on their feet. Now there comes the "Chicago-Three-Day Liquor Cure," which claims to be a sure remedy for alcoholism. Of course it sounds too good to be true. It doubtless is too good to be true in very many cases, but it also may be true in some cases. The city of Denver, with its usual forehandedness, has been trying it in its municipal lodging-house, and the city physician, mayor, superintendent and aldermen testify to its effectiveness. In Chicago they have been trying some kind of a mouth wash that promises to cure the boys of the cigarette habit. Judge Pinckney of the Juvenile Court is sufficiently scientific and free from traditional prejudices to give it a trial with promising expectations of help in this direction. It is the part of wise men to expect great things yet to come. There surely are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophers yet dream of. Let those who have most to do with this matter give these remedies a fair trial. James McComb, 745 First National Bank Building, Chicago, is the secretary and manager of the Chicago-Three-Day Liquor Cure. Lucy Page Gaston or any official in connection with the Juvenile Court in Chicago will be able to give information concerning the "cigarette cure." Here is a chance for research work. UNITY will be glad to report progress from any quarter.

There is a movement led by Joe Beatty Burtt, a Chicago lawyer at 1016 Ashland Block, to make September 6, 1914, a Fraternity Sunday to be celebrated by churches, lodges, labor unions, clubs and other organizations on this date. This being the Sunday before Labor Day makes such a specialization highly fitting. Labor Day began in controversy and enlisted the enthusiasm of extreme partisans, but it has already become a rest day for toilers, a festival of labor, a gracious recognition on the part of employer and employe, poor and rich, that toil is not only the lot of the human but that it is the glory and hope of civilization. The committee is suggesting the following list of twenty-two specific subjects as suitable for discussion on that day. The circulation of the list itself is good missionary work, for there is much in a name and more in a great theme. UNITY wishes all success to Fraternity Sunday!

1. The dignity of labor.
2. The curse of idleness.
3. Crime prevention.
4. Peace.
5. The curse of hatred.

"*If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.*" 20th verse, 4th chap. John.

6. How can the organized fraternities co-operate with agencies of religion and education in making a better city, state and nation?
7. Fraternity should promote statesmanship and discourage politics.
8. Am I my brother's keeper?
9. Let reverence for law become the political religion of the nation.—*Lincoln.*
10. Stand with anybody who stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong. —*Lincoln.*
11. Chicago does not ask us to die for her, but asks us to live for her.—*Mary McDowell's Civic Creed.*
12. Fraternity Sunday should not be a lawless Sunday.
13. Social justice.
14. Prevention of poverty.
15. Efficiency in the administration of justice.
16. The court as a social agency.
17. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.
18. Correct a fault as well as commend a virtue in your brother.
19. Preventive legislation.
20. Live for your country, and then it will not be necessary to die for your country.
21. The difference between character and reputation. Vol. 240 Illinois Supreme Court Reports, page 560.
22. Abraham Lincoln, the Fraternalist.

The suggestion of bordering national flags with white borders indicative of international amity came some years ago from a meeting of the American Peace Society, but like all suggestions working towards the pacification of the world and the disarming of nations, it has met with a cold reception on the part of the public. There still exists in the journalistic world, even in the educational and religious world, a conspiracy of silence and a spirit of delay in the presence of every attempt to bring the Christmas song of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" down from the clouds and put it to work on the earth now and here. But few people have had courage or devotion enough to fly the white bordered banner. Even to this day the only public institution in Chicago (or perhaps elsewhere), as far as we know, to fly the white bordered banner from its masthead is the Abraham Lincoln Centre. On Easter week, 1905, the children of the Abraham Lincoln Centre and neighborhood hoisted with their own hands the stars and stripes with a white rim to the masthead of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and the peace-rimmed flag of our country has floated from the top of that institution on all fitting occasions from that time to this. At that dedication the children of the public schools and Sunday School joined in singing this additional stanza of the "Star Spangled Banner":

Our stars and our stripes are now bordered with white,
To justice and peace all the nations inviting.
'Tis the emblem of love giving might to the right,
All races and creeds in truth's service uniting.
Not by powder and ball, but through love's higher call
Will the merciful banner yet wave over all.
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the land and the seas, God's children to save!

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto,—'In God is our trust!'"
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the land and the seas, God's children to save!

On every occasion available we have urged that only when thus rimmed in the future will Old Glory become glorious. The present writer has urged before hundreds of school audiences that the colors of our flag grow bright only when haloed by the colors of the other great nations that have been creamed to enrich the United States of America, the child no longer of Saxon parentage. The mother country is no longer England or the fatherland no longer Germany, but the United States is a child of cosmopolitan descent. Acting upon the suggestion of the editor of UNITY in a Memorial Day address, the Practice School of the Chicago City Normal has flung over its entrance a white bordered banner, the first public school, so far as we know, to have taken this forward step in patriotic symbolism; but the Englewood High School, Chicago, went the Normal School one better. Acting upon the suggestion from the same source in another Memorial Day address, a happy bevy of "Betsy Ross" girls floated on graduation day from their building a flag, onto the white border of which they had superimposed twenty-four flags of the leading nations of the world, typical at once of the wealth of our national descent, the breadth of our present sympathies and the hope for a "United States of the World" which is surely coming.

A World Prophetess

In the death of Baroness Bertha Von Suttner the world has lost a veritable priestess of the higher life. However it may have been in the past, the twentieth century has witnessed the passing of the world's crown from the head of a man to that of a woman. Judged by the prophetic character of her work and her triumphant leadership on new lines, Baroness Von Suttner has accomplished more in the interest of the higher administration of international law and the establishment of justice and peace among all men than any man of her day.

If this seems too high praise we ask the doubting to name any man in Europe or America, any man with a crown, a sword or a pen who has accomplished such results for humanity as this lady of Vienna.

We are not thinking of her literary achievements, although her "Lay Down Your Arms" is a classic that has been fittingly called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the peace movement, but we nominate her as president of the coming Republic of Democracy by virtue of what, through this book, reinforced by her gentle and potent personality, she has accomplished.

Confessedly she influenced the Czar of Russia to call the first Hague Conference. It is equally well established that as private secretary and advisor of the great Scandinavian inventor, Alfred Nobel, she induced him to establish his great peace prize of $50,000 annually to the man or woman who would make the most striking contribution to the peace movement, she herself deservedly receiving the first award.

These two achievements would entitle her to all the praise and honor ascribed to her in the above sentences; but this does not in any wise adequately represent her achievements. Her power as a speaker, her influence as a leader, her place in the councils of the unformulated republic of humanity, has justified Pope Leo's tribute: "The most remarkable woman in the world."

We write these lines at Tower Hill where scarcely two years ago the Baroness made her first public speech during those fertile months in which she tarried in America, speaking incessantly and always impressively. Her audience of farmers, as at Tower Hill, the cultured women's clubs, groups of scientists, educators and social reformers, alike felt her power and yielded her grateful homage.

Victor Hugo called the nineteenth century the "Woman's Century." That compliment perhaps was premature, but during the nineteenth century the spiritual energy of humanity was being fostered and consecrated in a womanhood that may justly make the twentieth century indeed the Woman's Century, made such by woman's high achievement and confessed leadership.

The present writer remembers with great joy that the initiation of the movement which led to the Baroness' last visit to America was started by UNITY, and that it was given its senior editor to pave the way for her high work and to present her to so many waiting, willing and enthusiastic auditors. Not by show or parade, not by compromise or brilliant display of oratory, but by the power of the spirit, the courage that espouses causes unpopular, the "vast capacity for sympathizing with suffering creatures," as the *Chicago Herald* well phrased it, do we declare her a world prophetess, the Twentieth Century Queen of Hearts, the General-in-Chief in the Army of Peace. Valiantly did she lead in the war against war. May there be thousands now ready to take up the banner that has fallen from her devoted hand and bear it aloft and forward.

Brave, gentle, noble sister, Farewell and Hail! You still rule in the realms of truth, love and human service!

More than 858,000 young trees are being set out this spring on national forests in Utah and southern Idaho, and the season is reported as particularly favorable to their successful growth.

A Little Garden of Mysticism
III.
The Living Word of Truth

(Mr. Newton's book, "The Eternal Christ," is the theme,—a book described in previous articles as an introduction to "Mysticism.")

From every point of view the Fact of Christ is the most amazing fact in human history, our author tells us. Of old "his life divided the story of man into 'before' and 'after;' and he is the Living Reality of the present, which is slowly changing the winter of the world to summer." Foreshadows heralded his coming,—legends of god-men and redeemers many, Buddha and Krishna tales, Plato's divination, "Cleon" yearnings, Virgil's glorious "infant"; above all, the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament, culminating in the majestic pathos of the Man of Sorrows in Isaiah. Jesus, when he came, was "the fulfilment of a universal prophecy." Mr. Newton has small patience with any theory that he did *not* come, that he was but another "hypostasis of aspiration;" or with any theory that would make him historic, but only another instance of idealization and the incarnation-dream. Elements of myth and idealization he allows may be in the story we have, but they leave the central fact undimmed: this culmination of the world-dreams was no dream, but a reality.

And *why*, amid the many dreams and idealizations, the sole exception, Jesus? Because, he says, no explanation of the New Testament story is possible save by the actual over-mastering Fact of Christ, essentially as the Gospel sets forth that Fact. Three marvels are to be accounted for. "They ask us to believe an incredible thing,—that the lowly hands of fisher-folk, more familiar with nets than words, created a Figure more majestic, more winsome, more appealing than the greatest literary geniuses have been able to achieve, and made him speak as never man spake." More than this: "When Jesus went to the cross, his cause was smitten with ruin and his followers disheartened and scattered. Within a few days all was changed, and men who had been timid and hopeless reassembled in great joy, courageous, hurling rebuke into the faces of those who had put their Master to death, and proclaiming that he was alive. Through long years and trials unspeakable they went up and down the Roman Empire telling the story of him, and counting it a joy to suffer and to die in his sweet name." Again, the impression made upon the age that followed: "If one would realize the magnitude of the Fact of Christ and the wonder and bloom it brought to the wintry life of the world, let him go back and read the musings of the men who lived before him. Rich indeed was the life of ancient Greece with its treasures of philosophy, literature and art, its love of reason, its worship of the holiness of beauty, and its hope, not hopeless, but unhopeful. Yet when we stand, a few years later, on this side of Jesus, we are in a different atmosphere. Signs of spring are on all sides,—a strange new hope welling up in the hearts of men, opening buds of joy and sunburst song. Something has happened since Socrates taught his religion of 'fair hopes' and Plato reasoned. Some new Fact has entered the world, lighting up its dark night, making men free from the tyranny of the grave and joyously assured of a life beyond."—Three marvels, then; and "some have thought to explain these marvels by saying that an ideal, pointed by a splendid recollection, may concentrate itself into something which, in the vague language of poetry, may be called a Person. To what absurd lengths will not men go rather than accept a great, unmistakable, unshakable fact! Illusions may sway men for a time, but that the stream of sweetness, light and redeeming power poured into history by Christ flowed from a filmy, flitting illusion is more incredible than the Gospel Fact."

Eloquent pages are condensed in these few words, that are yet so closely Mr. Newton's own that it would be taking greater liberty to leave out quotation marks than to use them, as we have ventured to do. They strongly state the evidence receiving stress today from the higher Orthodoxy for the belief that nineteen hundred years ago GOD stood incarnate in the earth in Mary's son. It is evidence ample for growing multitudes of able minds, no longer satisfied to base their faith on a specific test or on a miracle as miracle. The appeal is changed to the admitted wonderful results in history of a glowing faith: those three historic marvels cannot be accounted for save—the point lies here—save by facts *being* as the story shows they were *believed* to be.

It is not to call such evidence "absurd" to say that there are other minds that cannot help dividing very carefully between a fact and the assurance based upon it; and seeing that assurances often far transcend the underlying facts; and recognizing in the transcending faiths rather than in any facts beneath them the explanations of religious history. "The assurances are mere allusion, then?" Not "mere" illusion, but illusion, yes. To such minds each wide-shining, mighty faith is a fact with spirit-haloes circling it, inevitable glory, whose unconscious source is man's faculty of imagination quickened by moral reverence. Minds of this sort simply *cannot* see in Christ a sole exception to the law of idealization; *cannot* refuse to correlate the Gospel story and its connected history with lesser marvels of the kind,—with India's Buddha story and its connected history, or Catholic Rome's assurances of Mary and its connected history. To them the Fact of Facts, the Miracle of Miracles, is the Soul of Man, which creates and recreates the Christs it needs by idealization of gracious Helpers that appear from time to time on earth,—and which thus provides itself with gods whereby to symbolize, and so to realize, the Unseen, Infinite, Eternal Life that we name "God." Not "personality" alone, but "personality *idealized*," is for these minds the master-key to all religious history.

With one more article we reach the summit-chapters of Mr. Newton's book. W. C. G.

WHEN'ER I BROOD.

Whene'er I brood in baffled mood,
And fret at the decrees or fate,
I know that some beatitude
Will compensate, if I but wait;

Just as some watcher in the night
In vasts of darkness deep withdrawn,
Knows that upon his clouded sight
Will burst the welcome flower of dawn.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

The Paramount Issue

"If we had waited forty-eight hours we should not have had the Spanish War," said Minister Woodford, but Congress took no time to think and constituents were not heard from. "Cuba is ours as much as Louisiana probably," declared Maurice Thompson, the orator of commencement day at Tremont Temple, before the Boston University in 1898. Cuba would have been ours and we would have annexed by force a bitterly hostile population, a perpetual thorn in our flesh, had it not been for the Teller resolution, a solemn pledge, which, after all, our people dared not flout; but, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* "we must make no more sentimental mistakes; one in a generation is quite enough. Teller is dead. Let La Follette subside." The La Follette bill, which prohibited our doing more than pacify Mexico and establish stable government, it will be recalled, was defeated 44-39 when voted on at about 2 a. m. the day after the President's momentous speech. Were the people heard from and should the question come up again, three votes might easily be changed and reverse that decision, during this precious delay when the hope of mediation's success gives us time to think. The American people seem not to be thinking to much purpose. They do not want war, they tacitly admit the folly of going to war about a question not a tenth part as serious as the little Casa Blanca issue, which was arbitrated between France and Germany, and not a twentieth part as serious as the Dogger Bank affair, when England nobly held her temper and investigated. They see the folly of trying to avenge two hundred Americans' lives by sacrificing thousands more, and some of them, recalling that we have had 27,000 murders in our own country in the three years of Mexico's upheaval, do not wonder that our government could not have protected its citizens better in a foreign land when it protects them so ill at home. But this lack of enthusiasm for war will not much help a dumb, inert constituency from being suddenly precipitated into a war for which our grandchildren may have to pay and which may drag down our republic with the millstone of 15,000,000 to 30,000,000 aliens as a permanent incumbrance. The average intelligent man has little imagination; if he foresees this, he but shrugs his shoulders and feels as helpless as if he were in Russia; it does not occur to him that these 530 men in Washington who hold our future at stake want help and encouragement to do what is right, and to know that on straight moral positions they have thousands at home who back them. The President's Mobile pledge that our government would never seek a foot of land by conquest defines the imperative moral issue, and it is the paramount issue. Unless the country stands by that it does not "stand by Wilson." Ex-President Tucker of Dartmouth College wrote New Hampshire Congressmen: "I consider the Mobile pledge necessary to our continuance as a republic." Why are not other college men and the clergy, chambers of commerce—the thinking men of this country, speeding messages to Congress during this waiting time when we still have time to think and say the helpful word? We all know all that Congress can know about the value of the Mobile pledge. No patriot can hide behind the plea of fearing to "butt in," in thinking Congress knows better than he and will do "the right thing." If there was ever a time when honest, outspoken words like Ex-President Tucker's were needed from Maine to California, it is now, when vacillation, greed, stupidity and laziness are helping the small number of interested persons who are shrewdly working for war and annexation.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Old Folks in the Twentieth Century

In times past families were prolific and children numerous. At the same time there were many causes which killed off parents. Wars alone cause dinnumerable fatherless homes. Mothers were worn out early by frequent childbirths and the exhausting care of many children. Consequently there were many orphans, and the care of these poor homeless little ones appealed to religious and loving people as one of the most pressing social duties. Today the birthrate lessens as civilization advances. Families are small. Children are a scarce commodity and are valued accordingly. Many childless homes are anxious to adopt children who are left orphans. There is a deep interest in child-life, stimulated by our educational and social institutions and our modern literature. The home is no longer the only institution to care for and shelter the child as in former times. Thus orphan asylums are not nearly so necessary as in former periods of time.

In regard to old people the process of social development has been just the reverse. In former times people grew old in the midst of their children. Their many children were their protection and financial support in age. The home was a great economic center and workshop where all kinds of productive labor was going on, spinning, weaving, baking, brewing, etc., and old people could usually find some occupation at which they were skilled and which suited their strength. There were always babies to look after. Moreover, all the moral teachings of former times taught reverence for age and this gave dignity to the position of old men and women.

Modern life has helped old people in many ways, giving them spectacles, artificial teeth, hot water bottles and such things, but it has undermined their position in other ways. Young men early displace the older men in industry. As women become industrial workers, this applies to them, too. Many old people have no children to whom they can look for support. Their children may be scattered all over the globe. If their children live in big cities, the addition of an aged person means an extra room and a serious increase in rent. The modern home is not much of an economic center any more. Goods are bought ready made. Old folks cannot make themselves useful as easily as formerly. There are fewer babies to look after. At the same time they get less honor than formerly. The world is now run by the young. Things change so fast that the old are almost sure to be behind the times. Children are not taught to respect their elders as formerly.

Thus children have gone up in the scale of values and old folks have gone down. The problem of Christian mercy is no longer the care of orphans but the care of the aged.

The Standard. *Walter Rauschenbusch.*

THE PULPIT

The Friendly Silences of a Spring Night

A Sermon by
REV. SAMUEL E. EASTMAN, of Elmira, N. Y.

It was in Glenora again. My meager day's work was done. I had seen the upper rim of the sun drop below the horizon line, and had watched the shadows of the trees stretch over the bosom of the lake to the eastward, darken and disappear. I had listened to mother nature hushing her noisy children to sleep, for the perennial miracle was at its height. The day had been sunny and all the insect life awake had filled the air with buzz and a low murmuring. Little clouds of ephemera were in the air, and had been dancing on agile wing in the sun about the height of one's head above the ground. All the fruit trees were in bloom and the honey-lovers were after their hidden sweets and humming their satisfaction. The birds had had a busy day of it, the late comers mating and the earlier ones nesting, but so full of hopes and bright prospects of spring that they often paused to sing it all out. So full were they of the very joy of living, it bubbled over into song. Night came on apace. Man-made noises, the clashing of tools and the shouts at patient horses dragging the harrow, were stilled. The phoebe bird had drowsily peeped her last note. The catbird, with his home hidden now by the baby leaves of the choke-cherry bushes, was quieting down for the night. The flicker in the tall maple, always scolding about something—so it sounds—had accepted conditions at last, for a night was on. The croaking of the crows had ceased and I was not sorry. They were too near. I have watched thousands of them homing to Henderson's woods for the night the last hour of daylight. The rooster's tocsin, like a brass band, quite musical, if far enough off, had sounded for the last time; while master robin, always the one to close the twilight symphony, had prolonged his rippling cadences, but the films fell at last over his bead eyes and he, too, like an animated child always hating to go to bed, fell asleep; when the Friendly Silences of the Spring Night began to speak and I sat, I do not know how long, listening.

This last sentence is, of course, a paradox, but it is as old as human speech. Surely I may speak of the silent messages of a spring night, if in the prophetic narrative of the Elijah stories we read that the voice of stillness was more potent than that of the whirlwind and of the earthquake and if a modern writer—Henry Law Webb—may name his charming book dealing with the messages of Mother Nature, "The Silences of the Moon." And he runs back to Virgil's Epic in which the Argive hosts are said to have been instructed by the "Amica Silentia Lunae" the "friendly silences of the moon."

So, friends, I find myself in good company when speaking to you of the Friendly Silences of a Spring Night.

All this rollicking pageant of joyous life, "camp followers of spring" this day has witnessed, said the voice of stillness, when so little ago death reigned, and yet, and yet men still ask for a sign from God even as did the doubters of Galilee, "What sign showest thou that we may believe?"

This wonderful day now closed upon you and every day, indeed

> "Forever through the world's material forms,
> Heaven shoots its immaterial, night and day,
> Apocalyptic intimations stray
> Across the rifts of matter.
>
> * * * *
>
> A light within light which ensymbols the
> Unutterable Beauty and Perfection
> That with immeasurable strivings, strives
> Thro' bodied form and sensuous indirection
> To hint into our dull and hardened lives
> (Poor lives, that cannot see nor hear aright)
> The bodiless glories that are out of sight."

What man needs, clamoring childlike for miracle, for a sign of the Eternal, is an open mind and heart to the spiritual that surrounds him like an atmosphere. Even now in the dark of night and a cooling air the dews of heaven are distilling upon the leaves and filling up the cups of the flowers. But man roofed-over by customs and conventions, walled in by innumerable greeds for things, is shut away from the refreshing distillations of the spirit. "What we need," as the poet has it, "is dew on our dry natures, sustenance for the starved spirit, not the outward greed."

But how can the blessed moisture reach our thirsty spirits thus encased? Nor does man always open the door when the Christ spirit knocks seeking human fellowship, for God would bring man near to himself. He finds in the human spirit companionship and joy for the "Human in the minor makes the harmony diviner."

And the friendy voice said, You have had one more apocalypse of spring. Out of dumb matter you have seen purity of color, beauty of line, harmony of tone and melody come forth as from the tomb. Behind the miraculous pageantry lies the unity of beneficent purpose. You cannot know the spirit in the phenomena that kindled animistic and pantheistic religion in the early races because they felt it. YOU CAN FEEL it, too, and be thrilled and worship as did they; but measure spirit men cannot. Spiritual things lie infinitely beyond men's experience. "They are vast, they are like the atmosphere to the bird, the forest to the child, regions whose circuit men cannot compass, but which always embrace them." God, heaven, wisdom, beauty, goodness, freedom—they are infinite as to quality and quantity, literal truth about them is never attained, and if it were it could not be communicated, no logic can demonstrate them, no genius can gauge them. You may perceive them, however, these spiritual perfections; you may feel them, get foretastes of them, as it were, and if you will, and yield to them, their infinitude will fill you with wonder and undying aspiration. They have an intensity and insistence that is the very dynamic of your efforts to do right and be holy, and the friendly voice challenged me.

PROVE that the day-dawn of this spring morning was beautiful, demonstrate that the heroic abandon of one who goes to a certain death for another is noble, show by any process of reasoning that a universe of spiritual power is knocking at man's door? You cannot. Infinite things cannot be proven. They can be felt They can be appropriated by faith. Given a heart kindled into aspiration and a consecrated will and the life can take the direction of their gleam out toward the infinite, but their goal is forever and forever beyond the horizon line.

And then I was questioned about Jesus thus. What

was it that gives pure and perennial power through the ages to the life of Jesus Christ but just this—his supreme confidence in God, his dedicated will to do the will of his Father, his surrender to the guidance of the Holy Spirit? What was this to him? You can discover no shrinking in the dark, no halting before dangers, no hesitancy in bewilderment, no recoil of nature in extremes of anguish, but a calm and unfaltering trust as if he were held by invisible power, the power of infinite holiness and infinite goodness. That which makes Jesus the nearest and dearest to all hearts was just this, his feeling of God and his ability to carry that feeling through all the changes and into every condition of his life. And then as the wonder of it all grew in me the voice of friendly silence asked, "Was God on the Galilean hills in the first century and is he not here and here now tonight?" And the answer came with the question, the weight of the revelation of Jesus to men is just this—He shows God near to us this day and every day. Every flower that blooms, every life that comes to birth, every bird that sings, every heart that awakens to love, every soul that kindles to new moral endeavor, every human spirit quickened by the gleam of a new aspiration attests the presence and the power of God. And there came into my mind this from Martineau: "Every blessed kindling of faith and a new sanctity is a touch of His spirit, a gift as immediate from His exhaustless store of holy power, as the strength that befriended Christ in the temptation and the angel-calm that closed His agony." Ah, friends, we live too much as if "God were asleep and heaven but the murmur of his dreams."

Dr. Samuel R. Calthrop expresses the wondrous feeling stirring within me.

"When last beneath the midnight stars I trod,
An awe fell on me from those depths afar,
Great seas of silence round each separate star,
Fathomless distances filled full of God!
Heaven beyond heaven without bound or bar,
And thus my lips, Thy love I dare not claim,
Infinite heart, whose pulses, like the sea,
Strike shore of sun and star, yet onward
Flame, unspent, unbroken, everlastingly.
So spake I, by Infinitude oppressed.
Yet ever, wrapt in peace for thought too deep,
Like some small sea-bird on the waves asleep,
My steadfast heart all unawares did rest,
O Father! on the ocean of thy breast."

"It makes a great difference with you humans," said the voice, "whether you come into harmony with the spirit that animates all material things so as to feel him—feel his presence as holy and loving or think of him merely as once on the earth at some out-dated period of Jewish history; whether in an overbearing contest you feel the buoyancy of the everlasting arms, infinite life embracing you like an atmosphere; or nothing but sheer necessity to sustain you "struggling for your noble place in a dead and God-deserted world."

Some of you—do not all of you—know in some degree what this feeling of God is? Some of you I know are able to carry it with you through all the shifting scenes of life, to put it into the heart when the heart is stricken, to fold it about your loved ones when they are in danger, to cast it as an anchor into the sea when the tempest is high, to retreat into it when moral evil assaults you and your temptation is too much for your own strength, to hide in it from the strife of tongues when you are misunderstood, to find it nerving you to meet calamity and without fear to look into the face of death.

You are a preacher, said the silence, and know, as one of them tried to tell me in the dark, that when you try to speak of these high things of the spirit "religion sinks with the utterance and seems to become poor. The pure celestial thoughts, the deep and solemn wants, the sad and lowly confession, seem to come with intolerable friction from our rough human voice, and the inner skies of meditation, so vast and clear in silence, becloud themselves in speech. Language hides too little and defines too much to bring forth truly the things of God within us; so that spoken religion is apt to pass into theology; and those who have it most upon their lips are very apt to have it least within their hearts." As the voice of silence ceased that spring night I knew why Jesus taught "Enter the inner room, shut the door and pray in silence, you shall not be heard for your much speaking." And why he often went into the mountains at the twilight hour to spend the whole night under those eastern stars alone with God.

You who have heard the rumble of activity in the cities, the thunder jarring the heavens, the roar of great waves breaking on the rocks, the weird chanting of the winds, have found the mightiest voice after all to be the friendly silence of the midnight hour when sleep was far from your eyelids and truth with thunder tones of God began to rebuke you for your wilful blindness in estimating the values of life, and showed you with startling clearness the littleness of that which you deemed great and the greatness of that which you deemed little.

Maybe, when day returned, under sunlight and the usual happenings your courage came back and Truth sank away, but you never forget it. It haunts you, yes, and your spirit yearns to live by the friendly revelations of that silent hour in the dark, for you saw how little was your temptation compared with life's great trust. You were ashamed that trifles vexed you, that things loomed large which were nothing after all to a brave spirit; you saw with regret, to use a mild word, the jealousies, envyings, vain ambitions, lusts for power, greed for gain that fetter and hinder life.

"Midnight is come
And thinly in the deepness of the gloom
Truth rises, startle-eyed out of the tomb,
And we are dumb.

A death bell tolls,
And we still shudder round the too smooth bed
For truth makes pallid watch above the dead,
Freezing our souls.

But day returns,
Light and the garish life; and we are brave
For Truth sinks wanly down into her grave.
Yet the heart yearns."

Prayer.

Alas! for us, O God, that we are often too busy about the little things we deem great to hear thy knock at the door, or too intent upon them to heed it when we do hear. May the sanctities of this hour make us pause until thou canst give us a clearer vision of truth and its claims; of beauty and its glories; of love and its obligations; of thyself and thy gracious presence always seeking to help us, to comfort us, to save us, to bless us. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XIII.

HOME AGAIN. THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM IN KANSAS.

Returned to Peterboro, Gerrit Smith and his family resumed the current of home life which had been temporarily interrupted by the months in Washington. The mansion had been undergoing extensive alterations, and these were not yet completed; but they managed to bestow themselves in ways to be comfortable. Mr. Smith threw himself with accustomed energy into the matters of business that required his attention, and with equal energy took up again the life of the public-spirited citizen. Retirement from Congress did not mean retirement from service in the cause of humanity. The anti-slavery cause, the temperance cause, the movement for the rights of women, all received large measures of attention from him, while as neighbor and friend his old associations were at once resumed with the people of the village and country round about.

The stream of visitors to Peterboro began promptly. Frequent among them were escaped slaves from the South, and fugitives from many localities of the North also, afraid to remain longer in the free states, owing to the search for runaways that had been inspired afresh by the Fugitive Slave Act.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN SLAVERY AND FREEDOM IN KANSAS.

And now, the thirty-third Congress having thrown down the barriers to slavery in the territories, Gerrit Smith enlisted heart and soul in the effort to defeat the designs of slaveholding statesmen and their allies.

The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was the signal for a rush of Missourians to cross the border. A few took slaves with them; but the number who did so was small and the number of slaves insignificant. Indeed, the genuine settlers from Missouri, with slaves or without, comprised no great number. On their part, the movement was more political than industrial. Many of those who entered the new territory, ostensibly as settlers, went with intention of returning, after the object of the migration had been achieved, and did return. The immediate program of pro-slavery men embraced three main points: To keep free state settlers out, to plant slavery in the territory so as to be in position to claim that it already existed there, and to carry elections when they should come to be held. One of the earliest measures of the Missourians was to forbid northern settlers passing through their state to reach the new territory.

Northern settlers were on their way. Kansas was an inviting field. It was a fair and beautiful land. Its soil was rich, deep and marvelously productive. The seat of future empire in the republic lay in the

GERRIT SMITH MANSION, PETERBORO.
Garden Front.

great West, and Kansas was certain to count a population within a few years that would raise it to a level of great influence in a commanding section. These were advantages which intelligent farmers, mechanics, tradesmen, laborers and industrious and enterprising people from the free North, generally, were prepared to appreciate. Kansas attracted settlers as Iowa had done, and the same class of settlers. But the violence of pro-slavery invaders threatened to check northern immigration. Then the friends of freedom saw to it that the right sort of people should be encouraged to go thither and supported in going. Time was worth everything. Emigrant aid societies were organized. Money was subscribed. Careful canvas was made to find people of energy, determination and bravery, willing to migrate to a new section, where, indeed, there might be some risks and dangers at first, but where, it was fairly certain, they would be able to secure for themselves comfortable homes and an opportunity to get ahead. Many such people were found. They were supplied, in cases where it was necessary, with utensils and tools, and given money to make the journey. They were not at first provided by the aid societies with arms, though arms were sent very early. The mission of the immigrants, without arms or with, was a mission of peaceful industry.

Both the free State Presidents, Pierce and Buchanan, who had to do with the Territory of Kansas, were as deeply engaged to make the future State a part of the slave empire as the most determined of the slaveholding statesmen of the South. To say that they had the same heart in the business would not, presumably, be true. At this distance of time from those years of turbulence it is natural to look for the best and not for the most obvious motives, in cases of the promoters and defenders of pro-slavery policies. It is without doubt true that neither of the Presidents named was anxious to ruin his country; and to speak positively, it is undoubtedly true that each wished to serve his country. But so deeply had the demoralizing influences of slavery corrupted the judgments and opinions of actual holders of slaves in the South, that the project to extend slavery took on the aspects of patriotism. The invading bands of Missourians, and the military squads that came later all the way from South Carolina and Alabama, to "serve" in Kansas, were composed of men who looked upon themselves as engaged in a gallant exploit against the enemies of their states and their institutions. The anti-slavery forces at the North were in a conspiracy to overthrow southern rights; the situation was one of political war, and the step from theoretical war to the employment of military force to accomplish political ends was not only justifiable, but laudable. Thus reasoned the invaders of the Territory of Kansas. And a strong southern sentiment backed up such reasoning. Meantime the heated atmosphere of the nation's capital echoed to threats of secession in case Kansas should not be admitted as a slave State. Now, Pierce and Buchanan were devoted to the Union. With no strong moral objections to slavery, they put the preservation of the Union above all things else, and so gave their influence in favor of even the most lawless deeds of the pro-slavery invaders of the Territory. In fairness, these considerations may be urged in extenuation of the course pursued by Pierce, and after him by Buchanan. It is to be admitted that they are not very weighty considerations, from a moral point of view. But such as they are, they ought to be regarded in taking account of the flagrant offenses of both Presidents against their constitutional obligations.

Settlers from the free states continued to pour in. They were not a feeble folk, as well may be imagined, seeing that it was well known among them what they would be obliged to confront in their new homes. Neither were they of the classes that are disposed to submit tamely to injustice. They had no mind to recognize a fraudulent Legislature and its despotic acts. Nor did they.

It became a question of meeting force with force, unless they were prepared to abandon all efforts to save the Territory for freedom. Such abandonment was not to be expected. There were among the northern immigrants men with fully as deep convictions for freedom as their opponents cherished for slavery; and every whit as brave withal. When Federal troops were sent against them, these men made no resistance.[1] When, however, they were attacked by border ruffians, by pro-slavery guerilla bands, they gave a different account of themselves.

Settlers coming into the Territory at the second stage of the situation, from the North and West, came armed. The emigrant aid societies adopted a militant policy. The religious element in the movement to populate the Territory with inhabitants pledged to freedom was strikingly shown in the provision of bibles and hymn books along with rifles and ammunition. The story of a company of colonists that was despatched from New Haven in the spring of 1856 may stand for much of the succeeding work done by the Kansas aid societies. This band of colonists included doctors, lawyers, merchants, teachers, preachers, besides farmers and mechanics; representatives, in a word, of all the occupations necessary for planting a full-fledged civilization in the far western realm. Henry Ward Beecher, then a young man, was prominent in this enterprise. At a public meeting held to arouse active interest in the free State cause, Mr. Beecher made an eloquent address that fired his hearers with deep enthusiasm. As a result, a large number of volunteers for a Kansas colony offered themselves. Then the matter of their equipment for the possible conflict with border ruffians came up, and Professor Silliman of Yale suggested that the colonists be furnished arms, offering $25 as a contribution of his own towards the purchase of rifles and cartridges. The proclamation was hailed with acclamation and Beecher, springing to his feet, promised on the part of his church to supply half the military equipment for the company. He was even better than his word, his congregation contributing money enough to furnish every man with a gun. And in addition a bible and hymn book were sent to keep company with the gun in every case. The parting words of the eloquent young preacher were well calculated to increase the enthusiasm with which the recruits for freedom set forth on their journey:

"Let these arms hang above your doors as the old Revolutionary muskets do in many New England homes," he

1. Except in a single instance. In March, 1858, Captain Montgomery, patrolling southern Kansas to guard against invasion by Missourians, was chased by U. S. dragoons. He turned and opened fire upon his pursuers, with the result that two of the regulars were killed.

wrote. "May your children, in another generation, look upon them with pride and say, 'Our fathers' courage saved this fair land from slavery and blood.' Every morning's breeze shall catch the blessings of our prayers and roll them westward to your prairie homes. May your sons be large-hearted as the heavens above your heads; may your daughters fill the land as the flowers do the prairies, only sweeter and fairer than they. You will not need to use arms when it is known that you have them. It is the essence of slavery to be arrogant before the weak and cowardly before the strong."

Mr. Beecher was but a poor prophet in the last sentence of his letter. The fighting courage of pro-slavery advocates was abundantly shown in Kansas, and shown a few years later in the greater Civil War, to a degree that commands the recognition of all who appreciate heroism; but he spoke at the time sincerely, however mistakenly.

(To be continued.)

THE STUDY TABLE

Summer Books

I am in receipt of three or four volumes from *Macmillans,* all of extraordinary value, even from that publishing house. There are two books from Dean Hodges of Harvard entitled "The Human Nature of the Saints" and "The Year of Grace." I wish all preaching could be of this sort. I have dodged about trying to get a chance to hear Dean Hodges, for we are both from the same alma mater. I have not been lucky. But these two books have the flavor of Christ's preaching. That means that they are straightforward, common, everyday talk. There was nothing about Jesus' work as sure as its off-handedness. That is what draws the crowd. Only it did not drop down to the vulgar or the profane; but with all the delicacy of the poet and all the pungency of a prophet, it used language for all that it was worth. It was novel and modern and upset the Popes of that day. I say that Hodges is following Jesus in that respect. So did Becher; so did Phillips Brooks; and so do all seeing preachers.

Another book in this package is "The Soul of America," by Stanton Coit. It is too much of a book. It is twenty books in one. I have opened it at spots and it is wonderfully well thought out. Too many of these new theology books are written on the road. They babble about what most people see, and they settle nothing at all. This book is made up of thought-over, if not thought-out problems. It is not a lot of premature stuff that will not help onward an inch to the ordinary thinking reader. We happen to be on the threshold of a constructive time. What we want now is builders. Church problems and school problems and political problems are in the big waste basket of the Prophet. We want sorting and we want association; and Mr. Coit is helpful to a great degree. We are to have a new sort of church, or church evolution rather; a new sort of school, or school evolution; and statecraft as unlike that of Taft and as like that of Wilson as can be conceived.

From *Putnams* I have a great book, Oliver Lodge's "Continuity," his presidential address to the British Association for 1913. This book gives us the spirit side of science. It shows us how science has not been the real skeptic, but that theology or churchology has been the skeptic; in—fides to facts; continuing to sustain disproved notions, and swear by the science of old mythologies. The fight is over. No one cares to assail the old dismantled forts of Eve's creation, and Noah's flood, and Jonah's whale, and Jesus' divinity —up and down which only rage a few mad evangelists. We need not talk any more about dismantled Ninevehs, but combine our efforts to build a modern Babylon—a scientific church, believing in whatever is found of truth in these modern days, and standing firm on Darwinism. We shall beget our prophets, no fear; and they will be of the order of Jesus, no doubt.

Prof. Lodge deals with the very latest revelations, and has little to say of the outlived and to-be-forgotten. He is positive and aggressive—and fearless. Is there a life identical with knowledge; a life in which learning and logic hold no place! Knowledge is, and fact is interunified. Mr. Lodge asserts that into that life or something like it the present life looks; call it the future life if you will; or call it a part of the present life. Our newest interpretation of Interpenetrative Deity is of this inlook. He affirms continuity as applicable to the human being and his organic action. In a rude way we may call him a spiritualist. Unlike the crowd of technical spiritualists he holds himself well in hand, dealing only with that science which is also physically demonstrable. The book is hard reading under any conditions, but I think it will prove hardest of all to those who have professed a knowledge of spiritualistic facts.

I am not permitted by modesty to any more than notify my old readers that I have in the market at last a small volume of poetry, entitled "He Who Won the World," and published by Sherman, French & Co. of Boston, Mass. My old friends reading, and finding no battle spirit, will possibly say that I have retreated from my liberal platform. The poem is based on that wonderful book, the New Testament, which only waits the interpretation of love and honor, and a church of readers who will care more for the idea than for the miraculous shuck. I do not care to deny miracles any longer. Everything is miraculous; mostly what we call law are facts; that is, facts beyond the chalk line of our breathing life. Just what Jesus did in that sort of way, healing or otherwise, I do not care to discuss. Miracles get into a snarl, if interpreted simply as breaches of law. I rather like now to read how he fed the crowd and turned water into wine. I suspect it means that he managed in some way to give them food. At any rate I have left the Gospels and the Gospel history without assault, but underneath and through it all an evolutionist will see that I am constantly reading between the lines, and writing from what I there read. This story of Jesus is growing more beautiful every day and more needed. Let Calvinism go on to the pile, with Servetus. Learn to interpret from the standpoint of modern science. Pray for a whole regiment of men like Phillips Brooks and Dean Hodges. However, interpret the book as you will. My pugnacity is more intense than ever; but it speaks in the language of love and faith in God.

E. P. Powell.

Zentaro Kawase, professor of forestry at the imperial university of Tokio, Japan, has been making a tour of the national forests of this country to learn the government's methods of selling timber and of reforestation.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

MON.—Let a man do his work; the fruit of it is the care of Another than he.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

TUES.—The weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.

—*John Ruskin.*

WED.—This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THURS.—Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect like one of us can get a purchase on the whole universe. If we find the job where we can be of use, we are hitched to the star of the world, and move with it.

—*Dr. Richard C. Cabot.*

FRI.—Many of our old neighbors toiled and sweated and grubbed themselves into their graves years before their natural dying days, in getting a living on a quarter-section of land and vaguely trying to get rich, while bread and raiment might have been securely won on less than a fourth of this land, and time gained to get better acquainted with God.

—*John Muir.*

SAT.—Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth.
And as things have been they remain.
If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

Humanity in Oxen

John Muir, in the engrossing story of his boyhood, tells of the wonder and delight which he and his brothers felt when coming from Scotland to the new home in the woods of Wisconsin, they began to get acquainted with animals about them. Of oxen, as they plod slowly and heavily along the road, it is easy to feel that they are the dullest of all domestic creatures. Yet this is the story John Muir tells of them:

"At first my father, like nearly all the backwoods settlers, bought a yoke of oxen to do the farm work, and as field after field was cleared, the number was gradually increased until we had five yoke. These wise, patient, plodding animals did all the plowing, logging, hauling and hard work of every sort for the first four or five years, and, never having seen oxen before, we looked at them with the same eager freshness of conception as we did at the wild animals. We worked with them, sympathized with them in their rest and toil and play, and thus learned to know them far better than we should had we been only trained scientific naturalists. We soon learned that each ox and cow and calf had individual character. Old white-faced Buck, one of the second yoke of oxen we owned, was a notably sagacious fellow. He seemed to reason sometimes almost like ourselves. In the fall we fed the cattle lots of pumpkins and had to split them open so that mouthfuls could be readily broken off. But Buck never waited for us to come to his help. The others, when they were hungry and impatient, tried to break through the hard rind with their teeth, but seldom with success if the pumpkin was full grown. Buck never wasted time in this mumbling, slavering way, but crushed them with his head. He went to the pile, picked out a good one, like a boy choosing an orange or apple, rolled it down on the open ground, deliberately kneeled in front of it, placed his broad, flat brow on top of it, brought his weight hard down and crushed it, then quietly arose and went on with his meal in comfort. Some would call this "instinct," as if so-called "blind instinct" must necessarily make an ox stand on its head to break pumpkins when its teeth got sore, or when nobody came with an axe to split them. Another fine ox showed his skill when hungry by opening all the fences that stood in his way to the cornfields.

"The humanity we found in them came partly through the expression of their eyes when tired, their tones of voice when hungry and calling for food, their patient plodding and pulling in hot weather, their long-drawn-out sighing breath when exhausted and suffering like ourselves, and their enjoyment of rest with the same grateful looks as ours. We recognized their kinship also by their yawning like ourselves when sleepy and evidently enjoying the same peculiar pleasure at the roots of their jaws; by the way they stretched themselves in the morning after a good rest; by learning languages,—Scotch, English, Irish, French, Dutch,—a smattering of each as required in the faithful service they so willingly, wisely rendered; by their intelligent, alert curiosity, manifested in listening to strange sounds; their love of play, the attachments they made; and their mourning, long continued when a companion was killed.

* * * *

"Once father, returning late from Portage or Kingston, compelled Tom and Jerry, our first oxen, to leave the dim track, imagining they must be going wrong. At last they stopped and refused to go farther. Then father unhitched them from the wagon, took hold of Tom's tail, and was thus led straight to the shanty. Next morning he set out to seek his wagon and found it on the brow of a steep hill above an impassable swamp."

RATHER HARD

They gave him whistles and a drum,
Two big tin tops that buzz and hum,
A ninepin set, some squeaking toys;
Then said: "Now, Tom, don't make a noise!"

They gave her paints, a sewing-box,
Four dolls and stuff to make their frocks,
A set of books with pictures gay;
Then said: "Now, Madge, run out and play!"

St. Nicholas. —*Eunice Ward.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

PRESIDENT WILSON AT THE DEDICATION OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON

"I have sometimes, when sitting in the company of particularly ably drest people who were interested in philanthropy, wondered whether they knew how to be philanthropic. Philanthropy doesn't consist in giving your money to pay for what somebody else will do for mankind. It consists, at the fountain-head, of putting yourself on the same level of life and comprehension with the persons whom you wish to help, and letting your heart beat in tune with their hearts, so that you will understand.

"And the object of scholarship, the object of all knowledge, whether you call it by the large name of scholarship or not, is to understand, is to comprehend, is to know, what the need of mankind is, and to find that need in this way, that you can interpret it without going to the books. You will be looking in your own heart, and listening to your own understanding. That is the reason, ladies and gentlemen, why scholarship has usually been most fruitful when associated with religion, and scholarship has never, so far as I can at this moment recollect, been associated with any religion except the religion of Jesus Christ.

"The religion of humanity and the comprehension of humanity are of the same breed and kind, and they go together. It is very proper, therefore, that, under Christian auspices, a great adventure of the mind, a great enterprise of the spirit, should be entered upon.

"There is no particular propriety in my being present to open a university, because I am President of the United States. Nobody is president of any part of the human mind. The mind is free. It owes subservience and allegiance to nobody under God. And the only thing that one can do in opening a university is to say that we wish to add one more means of emancipating the human mind —emancipating it from fear, from misunderstanding, emancipating it from the dark, and leading it into the light.

"I hope there may be lecturers in this university who can interpret life. I haven't met many, but I hope you will catch some of them.

"Carlyle had a fancy once of an old professor who was the 'Professor of Things in General.' And I don't see how anybody can be a successful professor of anything in particular unless he is also a professor of things in general, because unless he knows, and has that real vision of how that particular thing is related to all the rest, he doesn't know anything about it.

"I have often used this illustration: A man loses his way in a desert, and we say he has lost himself. If you will reflect for a moment, that is the one thing he has not lost! He is there! But he has lost all the rest of the world! He does not know where any other fixt thing in the world is. If he did, he could steer by it and get home, or get out of the desert at any rate; and his whole validity as a man depends upon his knowledge of the points of the compass, and where everything else in the world is. He will run his head against a stone wall if he does not know where the stone wall is, and after he has run his head against a stone wall his identity is of no particular importance. He has lost his identity. He has lost his life, not by not knowing himself, but by not knowing where the stone wall was. And so that is what the German scholar means by 'orienting ourselves.' Knowing where the east is, we will not have to go east, but if we know where the east is, we can steer properly to any point of the compass by relating ourselves to the east, and so we are up on this hill. By seating ourselves up on a high pedestal once more, let us fix our attention upon the compass of human life, with its great needle pointing steadily at the lodestar of the human spirit. Let every man who wishes to know come and look upon this compass, and thereafter determine which way he will go."

—As quoted in the Literary Digest of June 13.

JOHN BURROUGHS FORE ELDERS

"My father, Chauncey Burroughs, was born December 20, 1803. He received a fair schooling for those times—the three R's—and taught school one or two winters. His reading was the Bible and hymn-book, his weekly secular paper, and a monthly religious paper.

"He was a man of unimpeachable veracity! bigoted and intolerant in his religious and political views, but a good neighbor, a kind father, a worthy citizen, a fond husband, and a consistent member of his church. He improved his farm, paid his debts, and kept his faith. He had no sentiment about things, and was quite unconscious of the beauties of nature over which we make such an ado. 'The primrose by the river's brim' would not have been seen by him at all.

"Father had red hair and a ruddy, freckled face. He was tender-hearted and tearful, but with blustering ways and a harsh, strident voice. Easily moved to emotion, he was as transparent as a child, with a child's lack of self-consciousness. Unsophisticated, he had no art to conceal anything, no guile, and, as Mother used to say, no manners. I doubt if he ever said 'Thank you' in his life; I certainly never heard him. He had nothing to conceal, and could not understand that others might have. I have heard him ask people what certain things cost, men their politics, women their ages, with the utmost ingenuousness.

"He did not like my tendency to books; he was afraid, as I learned later, that I would become a Methodist minister—his pet aversion. He never had much faith in me—less than in any of his children; he doubted if I would ever amount to anything. He saw that I was an odd one, and had tendencies and tastes that he did not sympathize with. He never alluded to my literary work; apparently left it out of his estimate of me. My aims and aspirations were a sealed book to him, as his peculiar religious experiences were to me, yet I reckon it was the same leaven working in us both.

"Although Father never spoke to me of my writings, Abigail once told me that when she showed him a magazine with some article of mine in, and accompanied by a photograph of me, he looked at it a long time; he said nothing, but his eyes filled with tears. He went to school to the father of Jay Gould, John Gould—the first child born in the town of Doxbury (about 1780 or 1790).

"Mother had but little schooling; she learned to read, but not to write or cipher; hence books and such interests took none of her time. She was one of those uneducated countrywomen of strong natural traits and wholesome instinct, devoted to her children; she bore ten, and nursed them all—a heroic worker, a helpful neighbor, and a provident housewife, with the virtues that belonged to so many farmers' wives in those days, and which we are all glad to be able to enumerate in our mothers.

"She had not a large frame, but was stout; had brown hair and blue eyes, a fine strong brow, and a straight nose with a strong bridge to it. She was a woman of great emotional capacity, who

felt more than she thought. She scolded a good deal, but was not especially quick-tempered. She was an old-school Baptist, as was Father.

"She was not of a vivacious or sunny disposition—always a little in shadow, as it seems to me now, given to brooding and to dwelling upon the more serious aspects of life. How little she knew of all that has been done and thought in the world! And yet the burden of it all was, in a way, laid upon her. The seriousness of Revolutionary times, out of which came her father and mother, was no doubt reflected in her own serious disposition. As I have said, her happiness was always shaded, never in a strong light; and the sadness which motherhood, and the care of a large family, and a yearning heart beget was upon her. I see myself in her perpetually. A longing which nothing can satisfy, I share with her. Whatever is most valuable in my books comes from her—the background of feeling, of pity, of love comes from her.

"She was of a very different temperament from Father—much more self-conscious, of a more brooding, inarticulate nature. She was richly endowed with all the womanly instincts and affections. She had a decided preference for Abigail and me among her children, wanted me to go to school, and was always interceding with Father to get me books. She never read one of my books. She died in 1880, at the age of seventy-three. I had published four of my books then.

"I owe to Mother my temperament, my love of nature, my brooding, introspective habit of mind—all those things which in a literary man help to give atmosphere to his work. In her line were dreamers and fishermen and hunters. One of her uncles lived alone in a little house in the woods. His hut was doubtless the original Slabsides. Grandfather Kelly was a lover of solitude, as all dreamers are, and Mother's happiest days, I think, were those spent in the fields after berries. The Celtic element, which I get mostly from her side, has no doubt played an important part in my life. My idealism, my romantic tendencies, are largely her gift.

"In size and physical make-up I am much like my father. I have my father's foot, and I detect many of his ways in my own. My loud and harmless barking, when I am angered, I get from him. The Kelleys are more apt to bite. I see myself, too, in my brothers, in their looks, and especially in their weaknesses. Take from me my special intellectual equipment, and I am in all else one of them.

"How fertile and fruitful it is now, but how lonely and bleak the old place looked in that winter landscape the night I drove up from the station in the moonlight after hearing of Father's death! There was a light in the window, but I knew Father would not meet me at the door this time—beleaguering winter without, and Death within!

"Father and Mother! I think of them with inexpressible love and yearning, wrapt in theih last eternal sleep. They had, for them, the true religion, the religion of serious, simple, hard-working, God-fearing lives. To believe as they did, to sit in their pews, is impossible to me—the Time-spirit has decreed otherwise; but all I am or can be, or achieve, is to emulate their virtues—my soul can be saved only by a like truthfulness and sincerity."

—*From His Autobiography.*

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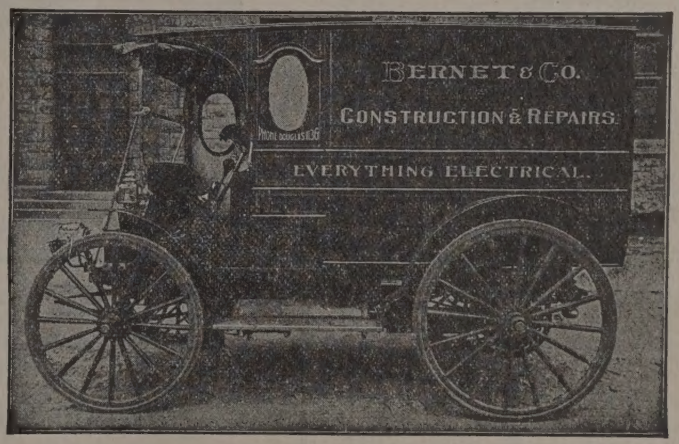

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